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cessors, to have been almost forgotten by the author. It is written in the same sparkling and crispy style which characterized his first two works, and is marked by the same fresh and buoyant tone. There is the same ardent love of nature apparent in it, and at times the same briskness of movement, which were among the chief attractions in "John Brent"; and there are one or two scenes as carefully elaborated as any in "Cecil Dreeme." But in other respects it scarcely redeems the promise of the earlier volumes. The interest is less skillfully sustained, and the characters are drawn with much less ability. Not one of the imaginary actors secures any strong hold on the reader; and in his delineation of Washington and Putnam, Major Winthrop has signally failed to produce a faithful portrait. His failure in this particular, indeed, is so great as to diminish materially the satisfaction with which the book might otherwise be read. There are, it is true, some very effective descriptions, and some parts of the narrative and dialogue are very well managed; but, considered as a whole, "Edwin Brothertoft" is not likely to add to Major Winthrop's well-deserved reputation as a novelist of rare promise.

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12. — *Un Amour en Laponie*. Par LOUIS ÉNAULT. Paris: Hachette. 1861. 12mo. pp. 386.

M. X. MARMIER cannot be allowed to occupy the whole field of the Frozen Zone with his romances, nor shall even the more powerful story of George Sand prevent M. Énault, who claims a right in every clime, from entering and experimenting there. A Lapland love-story ought to be a few degrees more probable than a story of espousals in Spitzbergen; and the genius of the author of *Nadèje* has clothed this icy landscape with most picturesque warmth. The novel is good, in its characters, in its descriptions, in its adventures, and in its dramatic close. In the "John Brent" of Winthrop, a horse is the hero; in this Lapland story, a reindeer is the hero, and interests us more than any of the men and women, though these are not without their charm. There is a reindeer ride across the plains of snow, quite as exciting and as incredible as that gallop of the black horse over the plains of Utah. Lapland life has not much variety, but what it has is pictured very fully. The winter and the summer, the field and the village, the peasant's hut and the robber's haunt, the coast and the hills, the worship, the rejoicing, the labor, and the sorrow of the people, their loves, their quarrels, and their crimes, all pass before us in a moving pageant. The native prince shows us his dignity, and the popular hero his savage

passion. In sober garb and calm determination, the missionary comes in to hinder wrong and to comfort woe. There are Swedes, educated and graceful, to contrast with the rude and ignorant Lapps; and the lovely Norra, the artless and spiritual child of nature, has her counterpart in the stately Edwina, the betrothed bride of the man whom both of them love. While there is no bad personage in the story for whom our sympathies are excited, there are several who fascinate us by their savage valor and their persistent endurance. M. Énault loves to transfigure the ruder races; and as he has shown the virtue of the wild mountaineers of the Lebanon, he now shows the virtue of the more secluded, yet half Oriental tribe, dwelling where Nature is harshest, and where the night rules the day. We shall expect, in his next attempt, to have a romance of New Zealand, or of some island in the Antarctic.

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13. — *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: Hachette. 1862. 12mo. pp. 279.

THE downfall of M. About as a writer of romances has been rapid and signal. His last experiment upon the public taste and patience is wellnigh intolerable. If not as indecent as the stories of Feydeau and Haubert, "The Man with the Broken Ear" is certainly, in its plot, quite as ridiculous and revolting as any recent production of the Parisian press. There are some subjects on which such wit as that of M. About is utterly repulsive. Théophile Gautier could make a romance upon an Egyptian mummy; but M. About has attempted to "improve" upon this idea by making a romance upon a "dried" Frenchman. The scientific fact from which he starts is, that three quarters of the substance of the human body is water. Over this fact he places the ludicrous fiction, which he states as if it were a logical and inevitable conclusion, that, if the water of the system can only be exhausted without destroying any solid part of the body, the residue may be kept in a dried state, in suspended animation, for an indefinite period, and life be restored by restoring the water to the various organs and tissues. This is the idea of the novel; it brings to life, after forty-six years of mummy quiescence, a colonel of Napoleon's Twenty-Third Regiment.

Not only the absurdity of such a plot, but the frequent grossness of the insinuations, condemns this book. There is some satire in it, but it is very weak, and the whole story bears marks of extravagance, carelessness, and a disregard of even literary proprieties. It is distant by a long remove in beauty from "Tolla," and in wit from "Le Roi des Montagnes." And it has the advantage of Dr. Huntington's "Rose-